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John Bull: HELLO THERE! ANY GOLD ON THAT ISLAND? NO? THEN I WON'T STOP TO CIVILIZE YOU.



The Pines of Lory

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Editor of Life. Author of Amos Judd; That First Affair; Gloria Victis; Etc.

DECORATIVE DESIGNS BY A. D. BLASHFIELD
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PUBLISHED OCTOBER 12

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The New York Herald.

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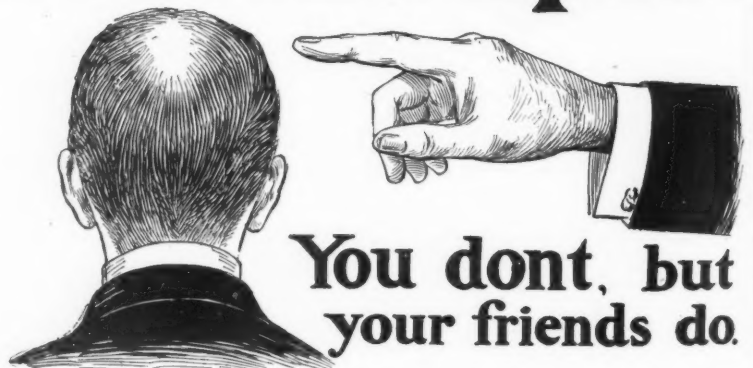
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LIFE



Wille: PAPA, WHAT IS THE REST OF THE QUOTATION, "MAN PROPOSES AND—"?
Mr. Hennypeck (sadly): WOMAN SELDOM REFUSES.

Academic Teaching.

"YOU cannot comprehend," said Prof. B. Fogg, "that since 2 plus 2 equals 4, therefore 2 plus 4 equals 6. I will elucidate. You perceive that numerals are not entities, but representative of concepts?"

"Yes," said the child, doubtfully.

"But if the aggregate of two entities plus 2 is assumed to constitute 4 and is represented by that sign, similar signs may be adopted for the superimposed concepts of two representatives more, which is 6. Is that satisfactory?"

The child said, "I don't understand; and my papa says 4 and 2 is 42."

Said Dr. Tucker, "You have no mental vision, child; you are incapable of perception."

"Now let me explain," put in the practical man; "6 minus 4 equals 2, doesn't it? Now that is equivalent to saying that 2 plus 4 equals 6; if we transpose the minus sign, changing it to plus, we have 6 equals 2 plus 4. Isn't that clear?"

The child began to cry.

"Well, maybe it was only 24," sobbed the child. "I saw it on a sign."

"The trouble is," said the practical man, "that the pupil doesn't want to understand." Just then an ignorant man came in.

"Here, little one," said he, "there's three pair of dice; now count them up. How many can you make?"

"Why, six," said the child.

Bolton Hall.

Advertising.

NOVELIST (*desperately*): Unless my book succeeds at once, I shall starve to death!

PUBLISHER (*cordially*): My dear sir, I commend your resolution. Nothing you could do would better advertise your work, I think.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXVIII. OCT. 31, 1901. No. 991.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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WHEN Booker Washington was in Washington the other day, President Roosevelt invited him to dine at the White House. Thousands of us read of the incident in the news columns of the papers, and took no special thought about it one way or the other. Booker Washington is a citizen of great distinction, a good man, a wise man, and one of the most useful men in the country. The fact that he is a negro would hardly constitute in the average Northern mind an objection to sitting at dinner with him. To the astonishment of Northern observers the South quivers at the very idea. Influential papers and public men all over the South criticise the President's action, some of them violently, magnifying its significance, and threatening direful consequences. It is a pity, a great pity. The President did perfectly right. It is probable that he simply followed his natural instincts, and showed to Booker Washington the same hospitality in the White House that he would have shown him at Oyster Bay. The negro problem is thought to be one of the two most difficult problems the country has on its hands, the other being the labor problem. No man in this generation has worked more wisely or efficiently for the peaceful and satisfactory solution of the negro problem than Booker Washington. Honor to him is honor to whom

honor is abundantly due. His white neighbors at the South are entirely at liberty to sit at table with him, or not, as they prefer. His friends in the North are surely entitled to the same privilege. The President's course with him need not be called admirable. It was simply natural. Our brethren at the South make a great mistake in discussing it with so much ardor.



THERE is a great discussion as to whether Mr. Shepard did right or wrong to take the Tammany nomination for Mayor. Anti-Tammany men as a rule say that he did wrong, and that his course is not only hostile to reform and good government, but is destructive to his own reputation. This opinion is held and expressed by so large a majority of the Low voters that it has excited remark, and in at least one case a remonstrance, from out-of-town voters. Mr. James L. Blair, of St. Louis, who lately took a leading part in bettering the municipal government of his own town, has written to the *Evening Post* expressing his astonishment and regret at the view so generally taken of Mr. Shepard's action. In St. Louis, he says, when the reform movement had brought it about that both parties had to nominate good men for Mayor, it was thought to be the height of success, but in New York the same result leaves the reformers grumbling. He cannot understand it.

Perhaps he could if he realized the enormous power of the Tammany organization, the limited powers of our Mayor, and the badness of the county ticket. Persons who retain all the confidence they ever had in Mr. Shepard's character and ability, still insist that he has lent himself to the perpetuation of iniquity; that his associates will surely drag him down, and that with all his strength he will not be able, if elected, to make Tammany government materially different from what it has been.

Of course there is only too much ground for these fears. It is inconceivable that Mr. Shepard, if he becomes Mayor, will go down into the mire without a struggle. We all reasonably enough speculate as to what he would do. Speculation of that sort

is harmless so long as curiosity doesn't lead any one to vote for Tammany. Guess all you like, brethren. Hope all you can, but vote for Low, vote for Jerome, vote to keep Van Wyck off the bench. There is a malady called scab that attacks sheep. When they get it they are no good ever after. Shepard may be good, but his new flock have got a mischievous, intolerable, incurable disease. Wipe them out! Bury them—Crocker, Unger, Devery, Van Wyck—all of them!



A PRETTY little point in the labor problem came up the other day. The Constitution of the State of New York provides that all elected State officials shall swear before taking office, that neither by gift, payment nor promise have they bought or influenced any vote. This provision became known to every one hereabouts when Mr. Shepard gave it as a reason for refusing to promise to turn out Devery. But in Rochester some printers' union politician sent out to all candidates for office at the impending election a summons to promise to vote in favor of giving all public printing to the union. In addition, school commissioners were invited to promise to vote for union-made school-books, State senators and assemblymen to vote for a State printing plant, and a municipal printing plant in New York, and for a bill requiring the union label on all State and New York City printing. A Democratic paper published the circular and denounced it as a trap set for Democratic candidates to make them ineligible if elected. Probably it wasn't meant as a trap, but as a bit of labor-union politics it is interesting. Think of printers in all the cities up the State conspiring to saddle a municipal printing plant on New York! There's impertinence for you! Impertinent, too, is the intrusion of the union label on public printing. The label is the mark of a monopoly. That the State or any city or county in the State should advertise it is wrong. The union printers already want the union label on the Constitution, next they will want it on the Bible. What is becoming of the liberty of the press?



WILD ANIMALS I HAVE NEVER SEEN.

STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS. ROUNDING UP A GREAT FOUR-HORNED UNIT THERE IN WYOMING.

Life's Personal Column.

BISHOP POTTER has suddenly given up his connection with the *New York Journal*, and it is rumored that his next series of articles will be entitled, "A Man Is Known by the Company He Keeps."

Rudyard Kipling, the former poet, will shortly appear in vaudeville.

Mr. Russell Sage has recently expressed some dissatisfaction with himself, and in order to learn more about money-making methods, it is said that he will pay an extended visit to Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal*, will shortly issue a letter of thanks to Mr. Paul Dana, of the *Sun*, as Mr. Dana's efforts in Mr. Hearst's behalf are, according to Mr. Hearst, the only thing that has saved him from general obloquy.

Henry James is writing a series of sentences for Harpers. Each sentence is arranged in the form of a short story. A prize will be offered for the best solution.

E. W. Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, keeps the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Hepworth, of the *Herald*, in a continuous scrap-book. They inspire him, he says, to some of his most virile editorials.

J. Pierpont Morgan is contemplating the removal of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome and the Cathedral at Toledo at Toledo to upper Fifth Avenue, for the use of some of his clerical friends.

Lord Kitchener has arranged to end the Boer war once a week during the coming winter for the benefit of the London papers.



A COMPROMISING SHADOW ON A BACHELOR'S WINDOW-SHADE, WHICH, HOWEVER,—



PROVED NOTHING AGAINST HIM.

The "When" Poems.

WHEN searching press or magazine
To catch a moment's bliss,
You're sure to find some poem there
Which reads about like this:

"When Mabel Trips Across the Street,"
"When Mollie Mounts Her Wheel,"
"When Susie Seats Herself to Play,"
"When Stella Starts to Squeal."

"When Celia Comes Upon the Stage,"
"When Helen Has a Beau,"
"When Sophie Skates Upon the Ice,"
"When Sallie Starts to Sew,"
"When Mother Makes a Johnnycake,"
"When Polly Pours the Tea,"
"When Father Shaves His Stubby Face,"
"When Susie Smiles at Me."

"When Grandma Winds Her Ball of Yarn,"
"When Patience Packs Her Trunk,"
"When Sammy Spins His Brand New Top,"
"When Father Slays a Skunk,"
"When Ezra Eats Pie with a Fork,"
"When Charlotte Chews Her Gum,"
"When Gertrude Strikes Her Golfing Ball,"
"When Baby Sucks His Thumb."

"When Rachel Rakes the Meadow Hay,"
"When Betsey Bumps Her Crown,"
"When Willie Wears His Trousers First,"
"When Reuben Comes to Town."

And so it goes from day to day,
No matter which you read,
The daily press or magazine,
"When" poems take the lead.

Joe Cone.

My Girls.

DEAR girls, when I think of
how much you need me,
that you have only your own
homes and parents and friends
to make you happy, and no one
to give you systematic advice,
at ten dollars a column, but me,
my heart goes out to you, and
I hope that you will read every-
thing I say.

There are so many little diffi-
culties coming up all the time,
and the mere fact that you are
constant readers being an evi-
dence of your lack of intelli-
gence, I am all the more anxious
to help you.

"What shall I do," writes
Sadie, "about a question that
has troubled me often? I am
very fond of peanuts, and
frequently eat them between
meals. But sometimes, alas!
I do not say grace before eating

them. Do you think it necessary? And is
the fact that I sometimes forget an evi-
dence that I am lacking in character?"

Now, dear girls, this is a vital point,
and I am glad that it has come up, be-
cause it gives me an opportunity to
show you so much that is in my heart.
Let me say at once that grace before
peanuts is not necessary. No! It is
not that! But it is the spirit in which
you approach the peanuts that is every-
thing. The spoken word is nothing in
itself, but every time you put a peanut
in your mouth (properly hulled, of
course. It is bad form to eat them
with the shells on, as you will see by
another department) you should do so
in a prayerful spirit. Do you do this?
Ask yourself this question and the
effect upon your character will be
manifest.

Peanuts, dear girls, were made to eat,
and yet, as you thoughtlessly perhaps,
and maybe laughingly, put them in
your mouth, do you ever stop to think
of the countless ones that never have a
peanut to eat? This suggests a thought
to me. Next week I will start a Peanut
Circle. Who will join? Will my girls
be true to me? Send in all the sub-
scriptions you can and become a mem-
ber, and your hearts will be doubly
gladdened by the peanut sunshine you
will introduce into the hearts of others.

Margaret Spangster.



THE study of middle class Russian
life and morals which Maxim
Gorky has embodied in *Foma Gordyeff*
is recommended to students of con-
temporary foreign literature. With a di-
rectness which is almost brutal, the
author combines a semi-barbaric
strength and coloring, but neither the
subject nor its treatment will appeal
to lovers of light fiction. (Charles
Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's *Lazarre* is a romance in that author's
best style. It is an idealized story of
the life of that Eleazor Williams long
a clergyman in Green Bay, Wisconsin,
who believed himself, and was believed
by many, to be Louis XVII. of France.
(The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indian-
apolis, Ind.)

Norman Holt is a new story by Gen-
eral Charles King, and when that is
said all is known except the details.
In this case, the long-suffering hero,
the plotting villain and the patient
heroine play their parts in Ohio and
Kentucky during the Civil War. (G.
W. Dillingham Company.)

Tales of the Cloister, by Elizabeth G.
Jordan, is a collection of agreeably
written stories illustrative of the life
in a Western American convent and
of the influence of convent education
upon the lives of its pupils. They
form the fourth volume of Harpers'
short story series. (Harper and
Brothers. \$1.15.)

Life Everlasting, an inductive philo-
sophical essay upon the immortality
of man, by the late Professor John
Fiske, is at once an example of the
most finished diction and a weapon
ready to the hand of the materialists.
(Houghton, Mifflin and Company.
\$1.00.)

William Henry Drummond has pub-
lished another volume of French-
Canadian poems, called *Johnnie Cour-
teau*. From them there whispers to
us (with a French accent) the very
spirit of the trails, and the book is a
worthy sequel to *The Habitant*. (G. P.
Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Looking for a Girl.

I WAS standing on the corner
Of a very busy street ;
I was anxiously awaiting
For a friend I wished to meet.
I had waited twenty minutes
And my brain was in a whirl :
I was looking for a girl.

Tall girls, short girls, girls of middle height ;
Stout girls, thin girls, girls of brawn and
might ;
Young girls, old girls, girls of every age ;
And the dreamy matinee girl from the fash-
ion paper's page.

I maintained my careful vigil
Though my eyes were growing weak ;
I was just a trifle dizzy
And a flush was in my cheek.
I had waited forty minutes
And my brain was in a whirl :
I was waiting for a girl.

Prim girls, trim girls, girls of every
size ;
Fair girls, rare girls, girls with angel
eyes ;
Prude girls, rude girls, bashful girls
and shy ;
And the girl of comic opera with the
naughty little eye.

I grew faint, and weak, and thirsty,
And my back was bent with pain ;

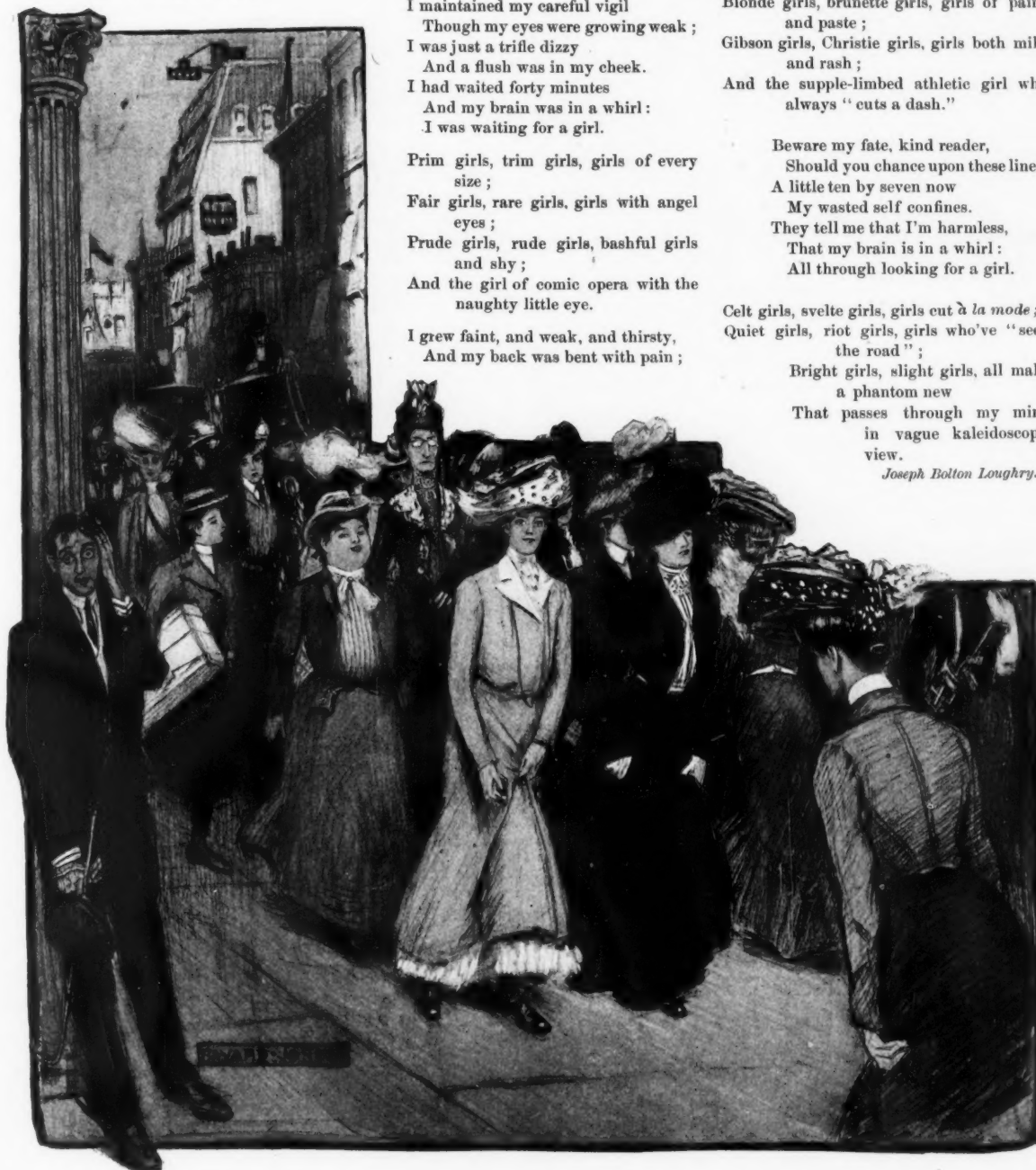
I felt a strange sensation
At the bottom of my brain.
I had waited sixty minutes,
With my luckless brain awl :
Just waiting for a girl.

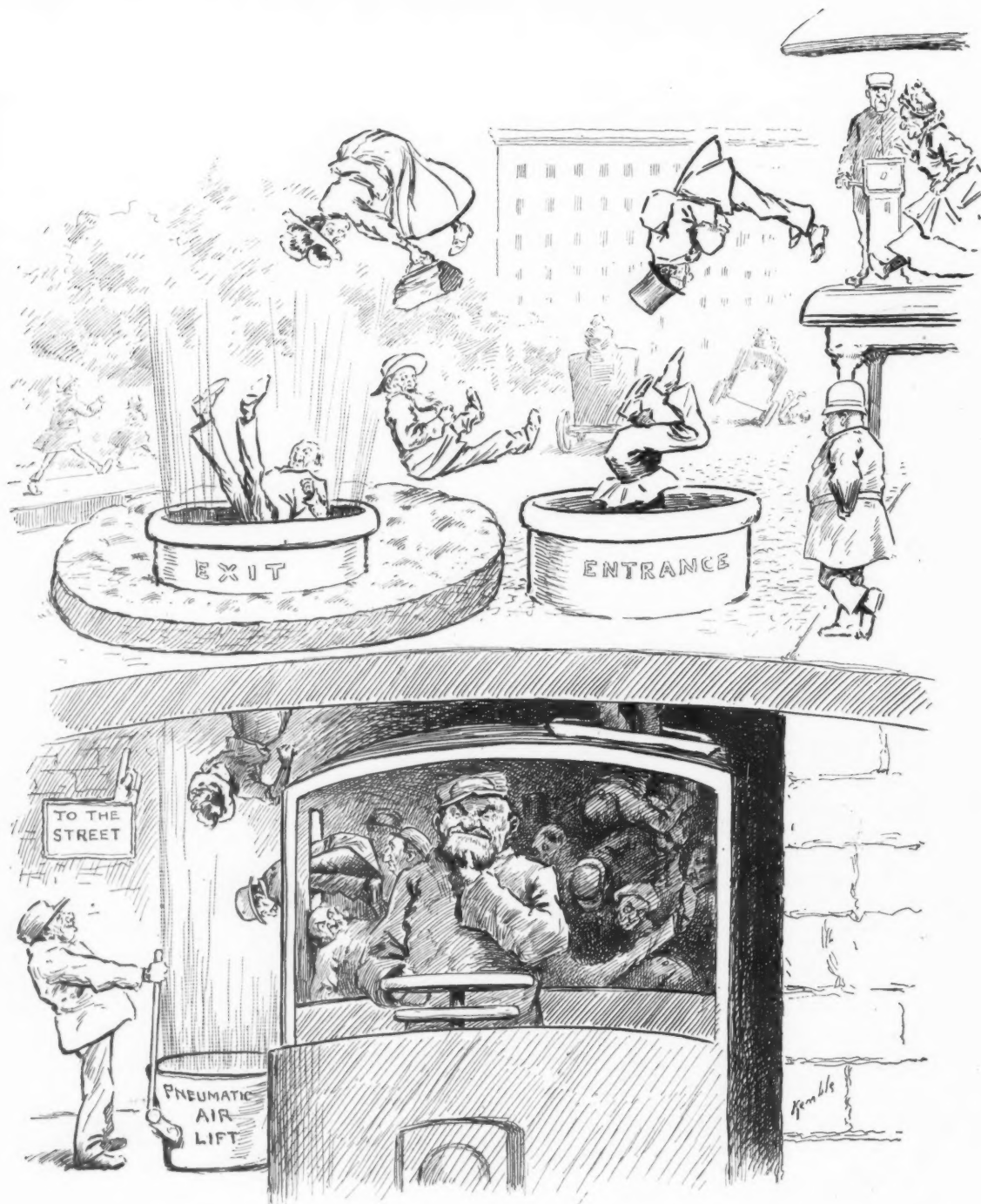
Pale girls, frail girls, girls of slender waist ;
Blonde girls, brunette girls, girls of paint
and paste ;
Gibson girls, Christie girls, girls both mild
and rash ;
And the supple-limbed athletic girl who
always " cuts a dash."

Beware my fate, kind reader,
Should you chance upon these lines ;
A little ten by seven now
My wasted self confines.
They tell me that I'm harmless,
That my brain is in a whirl :
All through looking for a girl.

Celt girls, svelte girls, girls cut à la mode ;
Quiet girls, riot girls, girls who've " seen
the road " ;
Bright girls, slight girls, all make
a phantom new
That passes through my mind
in vague kaleidoscopic
view.

Joseph Bolton Loughry.





WHILE HAVING NO WISH TO INTERFERE WITH THE PLANS OF THE UNDERGROUND TRANSIT COMMISSIONERS, WE WOULD SUGGEST A SCHEME BY WHICH PASSENGERS COULD ENTER AND LEAVE THE CARS IN SHORT ORDER AND SAVE UNNECESSARY STEPS.

Life's Nursery Tales.

THE THREE BAERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a lovely young girl named Goldie Locke, who lived with her mother in a beautiful home not far from the Slums. Now, Goldie's mamma had told her never to go near the Slums, but Goldie, knowing that other girls of her set emanated gracious influences there, decided that her mother must be behind the times.

tacked the living room. She took up the carpet, stained the floor and put down a Japanese matting. She changed the red plush chairs for simple willow ones, artistic and easily cleaned. Then she took down the family crayons and their drapes, the marriage certificate and chromos, and substituted carbon prints from the works of Raphael, Sargent and Burne-Jones.

In the kitchen she put away the

the feather beds, and as there was no time to dispose of them, she stuffed them under the bedsteads. Then she threw herself down for a moment to think out a German sentence giving a simple explanation of the germ theory.

Shortly after this the three Baers came back from their Fresh Air outing.

"Ach," cried Mr. Baer, as they climbed the stairs, "how homelike it smells, not!"

"Now," said Mrs. Baer, "we shall be with nice people and live as we like."

"Only," asked the little Baer, "where is everybody?" For the neighbors had been frightened away.

With a sigh of relief Mr. Baer opened the door and threw his vast frame into the nearest chair. It swayed and creaked beneath him, and the big Baer thundered, "Who's been stealing my chair?"

And the middle-sized Baer said, "Who's been stealing my carpet?"

And the little Baer said, "Who's been stealing my picture and all our pretty things?"

Then they went into the kitchen and sat down very hungry at the table. Mr. Baer said, "Who's been stealing my beer?" and Mrs. Baer said, "Who's been stealing my sausage?" and the little Baer said, "Who's been eating my pretzel and leaving me hay instead?"

Then they went into the bedroom, and Mr. Baer said, "Who's been opening my window?" and Mrs. Baer said, "Who's been airing my sheets?" and the little Baer said, "Who's been stealing my feather bed? And here she is now."

Goldie Locke awoke with a start. Three torrents of German stopped her own. She rushed for the door and flew down the stairs, just in time to escape the feather bed, and ran home as fast as she could, and she promised her mother never, never to emanate another gracious influence.

Katherine L. Mead.

Vicarious.

MANAGER (of agency): If you accept this situation, you must agree to take the place of the mother.

NURSE: Isn't the mother alive?

"Yes, but she's a social success."



THE THREE BAERS CAME BACK.

She longed for the strenuous life, and, believing that she possessed the social gift, she set out one day for personal contact with the defective personalities of her less favored neighbors.

She was assigned to a family of three, Mr. Baer, Mrs. Baer and the little Baer. They had gone on a Fresh Air outing and she was to make their tenement ready for their return. First she at-

frankfurters, beer and pretzels that some neighbor had brought in, and spreading a snowy cloth, she set out a dainty and nutritious meal of shredded wheat, brown bread and apples, with glasses of clear, cold water.

Next she attacked the bedroom. She threw the window wide open and spread the bedding to air. With an exclamation of horror she pulled off



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STUDIES IN EXP
WHILE UNCLE JOE HAS F



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.
UNCLE JOE HAS HIS TIE FIXED.



An Importation of the Right Kind.



A NEW generation of theatre-goers has grown up in New York since Henry Irving first presented "Charles I." to an American audience. Therefore it was wise for Sir Henry Irving to choose for the opening of his new season a play which is practically new. Historically the play has no value except in the opportunity it gives the actors to portray historic characters. Of course *Charles* is out of drawing. He is made a hero instead of the shifty King. The dramatist enlarges his domestic qualities and out of them makes a play, bringing in history as a mere sketch of a background. In this *Charles's* queen naturally plays a more important part than any assigned to her by the cold-blooded chroniclers of the serious events of the reign of Charles I.

The new generation will bring to criticism a far harsher judgment than that which greeted Henry Irving on his earliest appearances in America. When first he came here there was a public ready to welcome him, not so much as a great actor as a great producer of plays and a great stage manager. He showed America things it had never seen before. He gave us accuracy of detail, impressiveness of general effect, and a perfection of stage discipline we had never known. Largely by force of his example, and through the imitativeness of the commercial theatre, these things have become necessities of the American stage of to-day. The standard of production he created was a novelty when he brought it to America, but it has been approached in many ways, and the new generation is quicker to judge Sir Henry and Miss Terry on their merits as actor and actress than were those who saw them first in the halo of a new school of production.

In all kindness and in all truthfulness it cannot be said that the years of experi-

ence since first they came to America have improved greatly the art of these two benefactors of the stage. Sir Henry's mannerisms are as pronounced as when first they caused bitter discussion in London and here. Miss Terry's unconventional methods have grown more unconventional, almost to the point of eccentricity. Leaving out of the question the established position and the vogue of these two artists, they would hardly be given a hearing to-day under the new conditions that prevail in America. And yet, when they come before us they get into our feelings and move us to a degree that none of their contemporaries on the English-speaking stage can reach. A brief explanation of this apparent paradox is to say that the art of Irving and Terry is genius handicapped by personality. But leaving this last aside, no one can deny their technical knowledge, the results that come only with long and hard work and study, and, above all, their possession of that wonderful and mysterious quality in a stage artist, personal magnetism. To see them in their best presentations is to see the drama in our tongue at its best.

The new generation, brought up on the kind of theatrical food dispensed by the commercial manager of to-day, will never know how much it owes to Sir Henry Irving. To him, to Augustin Daly, and to Lester Wallack, the American stage is indebted for an artistic foundation which may outlast the tawdry superstructure which has been erected upon it.



composers and managers who provide the public with the never-failing supply of burlesque and musical comedy. These gentlemen have two rules which are rules, notwithstanding they have no exceptions to prove them. The first is that every such

piece must contain at least one cake-walk to a rag-time setting. The second is that whenever there is a vacant spot in the piece, and whenever there is nothing else for the chorus to do, a cake-walk to a rag-time setting shall be introduced. The nuisance is made more serious by the fact that these rules have also been adopted by the Englishmen who ship musical comedy to America.

In the early days of rag-time it was amusing, but since every composer has learned to write this kind of music with both hands, it makes us long to return to the good old times when Richard Wagner was in business. He never introduced rag-time into his pieces.

AN explanation of the recent war upon the ticket-speculators has been found. The Theatrical Syndicate discovered that there was a dollar or two it hadn't got.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Arizona" still continues. Good play well presented.

Broadway.—Closed.

Bijou.—David Warfield as *Levi Cohen, the Auctioneer.* An excellent character portrayal.

Daly's.—"The Messenger Boy." Imported musical comedy. Fairly amusing.

Herald Square.—"The New Yorkers," with Dan Daly as star. Frothy, but amusing burlesque.

Garrick.—Charles Hawtrey and English company in "A Message from Mars." An ingenious and interesting play very well acted.

Garden.—Mr. E. H. Sothorn in "If I Were King," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, Jr. A handsome production of a scholarly and interesting play.

Empire.—"The Second in Command." A pleasant little comedy well produced.

Knickerbocker.—Irving and Terry. See above.

Lyceum.—"The Forest Lovers." Interesting and picturesque dramatization of the novel of the same name.

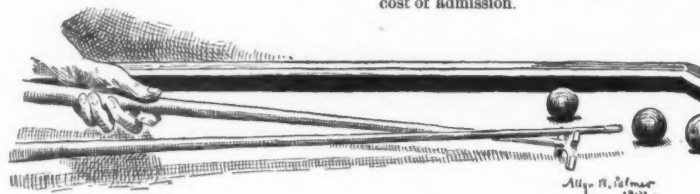
Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Miranda of the Balcony." A fairly interesting play very well staged and acted.

Madison Square.—"Liberty Belles." A comedy with musical accessories. Light, but amusing.

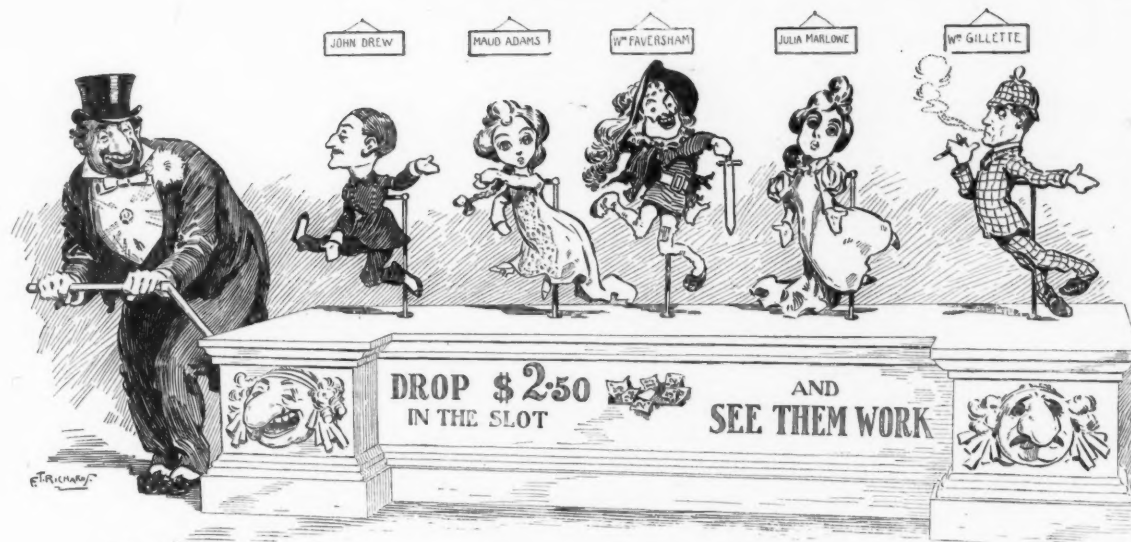
Republic.—Mr. J. H. Stoddart and a good company in "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Scotch, but attractive.

Wallack's.—"Don Caesar's Return," with Mr. J. K. Hackett as the hero. Romantic play well done.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Vaudeville and burlesque of medium quality at excessive cost of admission.



HOW HORATIUS HELD THE BRIDGÉ.



NEW MECHANICAL TOY. (Made in Jerusalem.)

In or Out?

WE learn from the *New York Herald* that the Rev. H. Field Saumering, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, Nutley, N. J., said in a recent sermon: "I am opposed to Sunday golf, because it is not needful to growth in spiritual life."

How about that cup of coffee the reverend gentleman probably takes of a Sunday morning? And that lump of sugar he very likely inserts? And those new suspenders, and the little stroll after church? Are they all "needful to growth in spiritual life"?

Is Mr. Saumering absolutely sure that our moral nature is more likely to warp in the open air and sunshine than

in one of his pews? LIFE has no doubts that his discourse is elevating. So is the breath of Heaven as we get it in the open fields.

Parallel Parables.

THE TWO LADIES.

ONCE on a Time there were Two Ladies at a Shop where Gorgeous and Expensive Silks were temptingly displayed. "Only Six Dollars a Yard, Madame," said the Shopman to One of the Ladies, as he held up the Lustrous Breadths in those Tempting Fan-shaped Folds peculiar to Shopmen.

The Lady hesitated, and looked Dubiously at the Silk, for she knew it was Beyond her Means.

The Shopman Continued: "Very Cheap at the Price, and I have Only this One Dress Pattern remaining. You will Take it? Yes? Oh, Certainly, I will Send it at Once."

The Lady went away filled with Deep Regret because she had Squandered her Money so Foolishly, and wished she had been Firm in her Refusal to buy the Goods.

The Other Lady saw a similar Silk. She felt it Between her Fingers, Measured its Width with her Eye, and then said Impulsively, "Oh, That is just what I Want. I will Take Twenty Yards."

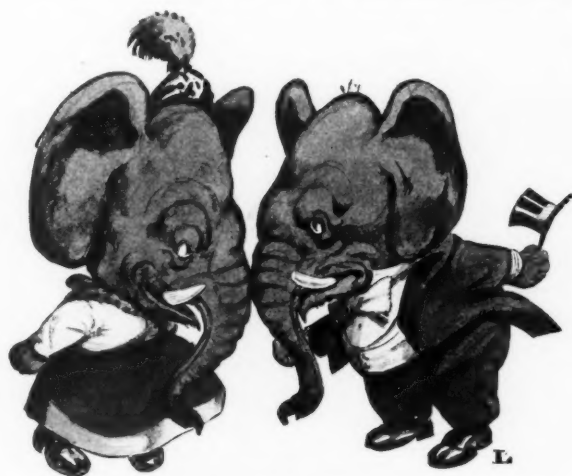
No Sooner was the Silk cut off than the Lady felt Sharp Twinges of Remorse, for she knew she must Pay for it with the Money she had Saved Up for a new Dining-Room Carpet.

This Fable teaches that the Woman who Deliberates Is Lost, and That We Should Think Twice Before We Speak Once.

Carolyn Wells.

"**POLYTHEISM** is the natural religion of uncivilized people."

"Yes, as soon as people become civilized, they mostly have no god but Mammon."



"JUST ONE LITTLE KISS, ELLA, DEAR."
"HELP YOURSELF."

Kickers' Column.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to exclude many interesting letters on account of their length. Letters should not be longer than two hundred words, and are more likely to be inserted if still shorter.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE. Dear Sir:

The only real star that has appeared on the stage horizon this year is David Warfield. The man has genius and has shown it in a very ordinary play entitled, "The Auctioneer." There is little sympathy here in America for the Jew. He has contaminated everything in American life that he has touched. But Warfield has made the stage Jew not simply a thing to be laughed at, but a human being to be laughed with and wept with.

The above was printed in your edition of October 3, 1901. Looking for amusement in your paper, I was extremely pained to come across so sad an exhibition of bigotry and abuse.

You owe the American public, which stands for freedom and fair play, an apology for so gross and contemptible an attack upon a whole people as that which you make in the sweeping charge that "the Jew has contaminated everything in American life that he has touched."

You know the statement to be a lie, for you disprove it at once yourself by your praise of Warfield, who is, I am told, a Jew, in showing that he has dignified the stage by his presentation of the Jew as "not simply a thing to be laughed at, but a human being to be laughed with and wept with."

Your remarks are an insult, not merely to me and to my people, but no less so to every self-respecting American. Inasmuch as they have fallen under my notice, I cannot let them pass without demanding their retraction. Respectfully yours,

Henry Berkowitz.

PHILADELPHIA, October 8, 1901.

LIFE admits that the statement to which its correspondent objects was a sweeping one, which fact implied that it might have exceptions. For the higher-minded Jews who made possible the exceptions, LIFE has always expressed its regard and sympathy, but it is not prepared to make the retraction its correspondent demands. In support of its assertion that the Jew is a contaminating influence in American life, it is only necessary to cite such cases in point as what the Theatrical Syndicate has done to debase dramatic art in America, what Mr. Pulitzer has

done for American journalism by the discovery of yellow methods, and what Mr. Andrew Freedman has done for the American national game. Many others could be quoted, but they are beyond the limit of our space. The fact that one Jewish actor has betrayed the possession of rare power in delineating the humor and pathos in the life of one of his people proves nothing for or against the statement our correspondent criticises. When greed for money, no matter how vulgarly or immorally to be obtained, ceases to be the leading racial characteristic of his people, LIFE will be glad to make the retraction our correspondent so courteously requests.

—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: Why do you give up so much space to Christian Science and McCrackan? McCrackan is getting to be a public nuisance, and his wholesale vindications in the papers of his own particular cult have not even the merit of being few and far between. His main refuge, in answer to the criticisms he tries to refute, is that "spiritual matters can only be apprehended in a spiritual way." In his *North American Review* article he declared that Christian Science could not be comprehended in an intellectual way. Now this might answer as an argument impossible to refute, if Christian Science were the only spiritual thing afloat. But there are others. J. M. Buckley, who has been ardent against the Christian Scientists, would probably be very indignant if it were asserted that his own religion, the Methodist, was the same kind of spirituality that McCrackan stands sponsor for. And so each religion has its own particular form of the spiritual.

How, then, is a man going to discriminate, among so many, unless he uses his reason? Is he going to use just enough of it to enable him to discriminate in favor of Christian Science, and throw it overboard afterwards? Yours, Spinoza.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen: I am very fond of your excellent paper, but cannot take it home, where I have young daughters growing up, for the reason that nearly every number has some low, vulgar, commonplace kissing picture in it. There is never even an inference that the couple delineated are engaged to be married, and I should think it would be far from your intention to encourage the first step towards immorality and disrespect for parents.

Sincerely,

Your Censor.



THE OBLIGING FLAMINGO.

I Played at Bridge.

I PLAYED at "bridge" at midnight, While the clock was striking the hour. A woman there played against me, And I secretly felt her power.

A society leader was she, And I knew that I had no show; And so fifty minutes later, Dead broke, I arose to go.

Yet I cannot help but thinking Since that morning I was shorn, If she'd been a man, and honest, To-day no loss I'd mourn.

Syndicate Criticism.

FIRST DRAMATIC CRITIC: That was an awfully dull play last night.

SECOND DRAMATIC CRITIC: Wasn't it? It was all I could do to keep from saying so in the paper.

ENVY is not so much a sin as a punishment.



He ((bitterly)): GOOD-BY, THEN! GOOD-BY, FOREVER!
She ((weakening)): OH, JACK, DON'T SAY THAT! SAY AU REVOIR, FOREVER.



A GALWEGIAN of the Galwegians. That, in a word, summed up the late Lord Morris and Killanin, whose wit gave him a reputation which extended far beyond reach of the legal circles in which he moved.

At Coleraine, while trying an action involving the poisoning of a horse, he was greatly amused at the pompous manner in which a doctor was giving his evidence, to the effect that twelve grains of the poison in question could be given without fatal consequences, and said at last:

"Tell me this. Wouldn't twelve grains kill the Devil himself, if he swallowed them?"

"I can't say, my Lord. I never had the honor of prescribing for that patient," replied the doctor.

"Ah, no, Doctor, dearh, ye niver had!" retorted the Judge. "Mhore's the pity! The ould bhoy's alive yet."

In a sanitary case, counsel once said:

"I assume that your Lordship is fully acquainted with the statutes and authorities."

"Assume nothing of the sort," said the Judge; "I yield to no man in my utter ignorance of sanitary law."

When he was in London, on one occasion, a member of the then Cabinet asked what he thought of the Irish difficulty. He replied:

"It's a case, do you see, my Lord, of a stupid and honest people trying to govern a quick-witted and dishonest one against their will, and there's always a difficulty about that."

"That's not very complimentary," said the Cabinet Minister.

"No, my Lord but it's true, and that's better than complimentary," said Lord Morris.

A lady was one day giving evidence in his Lordship's Court in a case in which it was important as to whether or not she was in Dublin on a certain day. She turned round to the Judge, and said:

"Your Lordship ought to know that what I state is a fact."

"Why, Madam?" asked the Judge.

"Because," she replied, "it was the last day of the Assizes, and you and I traveled from Galway to Dublin in the same railway carriage."

There was a titter in Court, and, without seeming to notice it, the Judge said, quietly:

"Madam, for the sake of my character, I must ask you was there not a third party present all the way?"

—The Sketch.

A HOTELKEEPER in the Catskills put up a sign as an advertisement:

"Fifty dollars will be paid to any one who can beat this hotel for two dollars a day."

Not long afterwards a slick fellow arrived. He occupied a room and took three square meals; then he vanished. The proprietor had him arrested by the village constable, under the charge of defrauding or "beating" his hotel. The fellow hired a country lawyer, who promptly sued the landlord for the fifty dollars reward, claiming that it was a fair game, as he had "beaten" the house for the two dollars a day. The prisoner, being discharged, gave the claim for fifty dollars to the lawyer for his fee. The lawyer sued, and, in the course of events, being indebted to the Judge, turned the claim over to him. His Honor went promptly to the hotel to board out the bill, and on Sunday had the landlord arrested for contempt of court because there was no chicken pie served.

—Boston Beacon.

In speaking of the terrors of the Slav tongue, Ople Read remarked that a druggist in the heart of the Russian colony in Chicago recently had a telephone instrument installed in his place for the accommodation of his patrons. The minute

the first user of the 'phone began to talk Russian into the receiver, the wire kinked into small knots, like a tenuity-twisted string. They couldn't do a thing to meet the emergency until one of the telephone linemen, who had once attempted to do missionary work in a Russian settlement in Minnesota, replaced the smooth, insulated copper strand with the ordinary barb wire. That jagged medium proved a perfect means of transmission for Russian speech.

—Argonaut.

PAPA: Where's my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last evening.

WILLIE: I guess Mabel's beau took it when he went home last night.

MABEL: Why, Willie! The idea!

WILLIE: Well, when he was sayin' good night to you I heard him say:

"I'm going to steal just one."—Exchange.

IDA: The MacDougalls gave a ball that cost ten thousand dollars.

MAY: Ah, a Scotch high ball.—Chicago News.

ONCE, two gentlemen attended a temperance meeting, and, on returning home by a dark and narrow lane, were thrown out of their conveyance. The incident was reported in the local paper, and the account closed with the words: "Fortunately, both men were sober."

The editor received an angry letter from one of the gentlemen concerned, with the request for an apology.

He was equal to the occasion. "In our account of the unfortunate accident to Messrs. —," wrote the editor, "we stated that fortunately both men were sober. It appears this statement has given great offense. We therefore beg to withdraw it."—Argonaut.

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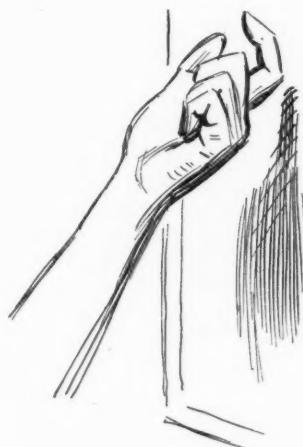
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A CORRECTION BY SIR THOMAS.

"Bar accidents," Sir Thomas said,
"I'll win, I do declare."

But afterward he changed his tune
To this: "I meant, bar Barr."

—*Westminster Gazette.*

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THE Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish Judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter. In summing up the case, the Judge thus gallantly began:

"Gentlemen of the jury: Everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

—*Youth's Companion.*

IF YOUR MENU

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THE American in England was at a dinner where his near neighbor was a bishop.

"In America," said the latter, "I understand you have no old wines."

"No," replied the American. "We have no old wines. We have no established church," he added.

—*Evening Sun.*

DELETTREZ, one of the oldest established houses of Paris, manufacturers of the famous perfume AMARYLLIS DU JAPON, are now placing on this market their most *recherché*, exquisite and delicate high-grade handkerchief Perfumes and Toilet Soaps. Ask your dealer for DELETTREZ.

THE following is told of a druggist who is "great" on patent medicines. He manufactured one kind, called "Dr. Pratt's Two-Grain Anti-Bilious Pills."

One day a small boy walked into the shop and said:

"Please, sir, give me a box of Dr. Pratt's pills."

The druggist looked at him a minute, and then inquired: "Anti-Bilious?"

"No," replied the youngster; "uncle's sick."

—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

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MOTHER: What! Have you been fighting again, Johnnie? Good little boys don't fight.

JOHNNIE: Yes, I know that. I thought he was a good little boy, but after I hit him once I found he wasn't.

—*Somerville Journal.*

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Colgate & Co., in filling an order for their shaving-soap sticks for use on the Shamrock and the Erin, told Sir Thomas that the chief advantage in the use of the stick was that no cup was necessary. Sir Thomas's characteristic reply was that if he won it would be by a close shave.

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A deliberate application to the domain of fact of the methods of romance.—*New York Times.*

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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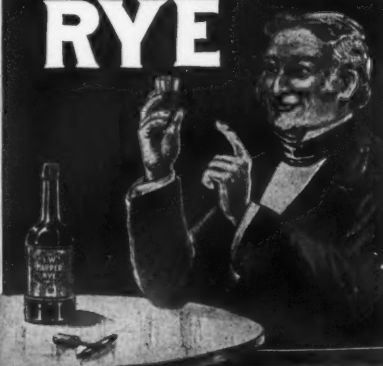
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